The Marvelous Vogue of the Automobile.

Fulfilment of Mother Shipton's Prophecy That "Carriages Without Horses Shall Go."

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—The foretold time when "carriages without horses shall go" has come, and the end of the century finds the self-propelling vehicle an established factor of every-day life. This is demonstrated by the organization of the Automobile Club of America for the development of the motor-carriage as a source of sport and pleasure, the formation of a gigantic trust for the commercial exploitation of electric street traction in this country, and the laying of plans for an international race between French and American automobiles—all events of the past few weeks.

So quickly do the new things become old, and so readily do people adapt themselves to the marvelous contrivances which modern inventive ingenuity has devised, that the automobile, but a brief time ago unknown, no longer arouses more than a passing curiosity. And yet it is one of the most interesting of latter-day inventions of the annihilation of space and time. In spite of its comparative youth, it may be found everywhere—in Paris, France, and in Paris, Ky. It adapts itself to a multitude of needs, for it may be my lady's victoria or the butcher's cart. It hauls packages and passengers. It runs over country-roads and city asphalt. It diversifies life by the sea and it makes the city streets more interesting than ever. It may be bought, hired or borrowed. It eats no oats or hay, but it may subsist on electricity or feed on petroleum or gasoline. It is good at sprinting or at long-distance travels. It climbs hills, speeds over flat surfaces and it may even turn flip-flaps, as the recent experience of a young experimenter at Newport has demonstrated. Altogether the automobile, in its various manifestations and uses, is an exceedingly

CHAMPION AUTOMOBILE STOKER ALEXANDER WINTON AND HIS MANAGER, C. B. SHANKS, IN A RACING CARRIAGE.

versatile and useful thing. In some respects it has threatened to supersede the horse, that faithful animal which has so many times been turned out to die, only to be resurrected to a career of prolonged usefulness. The horse is still with us, and the automobile promises to occupy a very large place in the activities of men, but there is no warfare between the two. It is not possible that the horse will disappear or revert to the five-toed thing he was in remote periods of the world's life. There will always be a field for the horse, at least to browse in, if not for many of the uses for which man has found him indispensable. So that in celebrating the vogue of the automobile there is no reason to chant an elegy of the horse. There are many who will take to the new form of propulsion; there are others who will never forsake the horse.

Some conception of the marvelous expansion of the automobile idea may be gathered from the casual announcement that a contract has recently been made for the manufacture of 4200 electric vehicles, or automobiles, involving an expenditure of over $8,000,000. That is a large amount for investment, especially in a new enterprise, but if it proves anything, it proves that the automobile is no inconsiderable factor in modern life, and that the making and using of electric cabs and carts have assumed vast proportions.

A motor carriage is expensive to begin with; but, taking into consideration that there are no horses to be bought with it, the extra cost is more apparent than real. An electric cab costs some fifteen hundred dollars to build, and the more delicate and elegant private vehicles run up into the thousands. But the expense of operation is slight. A charge of electricity for one run may be had for sixty cents. The gasoline for an eleven hundred mile trip, made by a motor-carriage from Cleveland, Ohio, to New York recently, cost less than six dollars; and William G. Tiffany relates that the fuel for a two days' journey through Touraine cost him but three dollars.

M. Charron, of Paris, who was challenged to an international automobile race by Alexander Winton, recently proposed a stake of one hundred thousand francs, the object being to demonstrate the possibilities of American and foreign made machines.

For the future, the automobile holds out the promise of a city practically free from the maddening street noises that make modern urban existence more or less a torture. Cobble pavements are laid to resist metal tires and the pounding of steel-shod horses. With every vehicle motor-driven, and every wheel pneumatic-tired, all pavements can be of asphalt. Not only will the rumbling of heavy trucks and the clatter of hoof-beats disappear, but there will be no more tracks to cut up the streets, since electric omnibuses, carrying as many people and moving as swiftly as the electric cars of to-day, will take the place of street railways. Having already conquered the rail, electricity will then have made itself master of the highway as well. Rapid transit for long distances being supplied by electric trains in clean, cool, brilliantly-lighted subways, the elevated roads will be no more. The removal of the horse from the streets will not only make them noiseless, but will practically solve the problem of street-cleaning, and greatly improve the sanitary conditions of urban life, reducing the amount of street refuse to a minimum. With clean, smooth thoroughfares, through which swift, air-shod, easy-riding vehicles dart noiselessly, it will no longer be necessary to seek the country for rest and quiet.

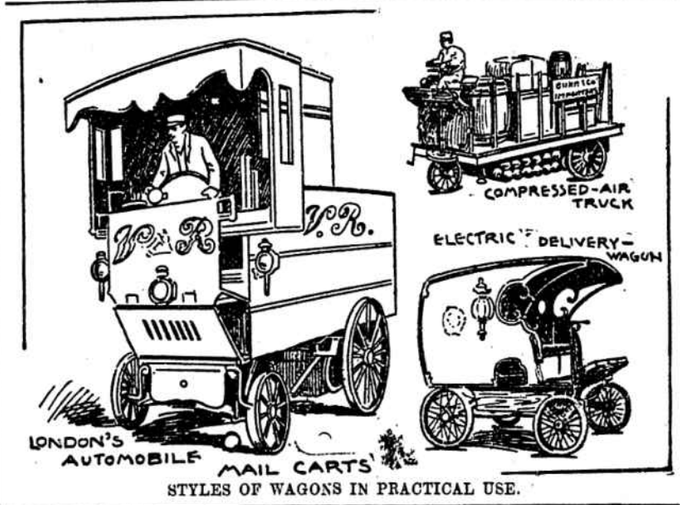
Once the horseless age is in full sway, every man will have his own automobile, and the bicycle, which has already, to some extent, supplanted the horse, will in turn be shelved, save for purposes of sport. With the universal development of sources of supply of electricity, the electromobile will take the place of all other forms of traction, and plugs will be provided in the streets from which the automobilist may take his supply of power by a nickle-in-the-slot device, while along rural highways power stations will be established so that journeys of any distance may be undertaken. Even on the farm, autowains will do the heavy burden carrying. The horse may still be harnessed to the plow, may still furnish sport on the race-course and riding exercise for the few, but no longer will he be the chief bearer of man's burdens. Who will say he has not earned rest?

The General Postoffice automobile mail carts are being subjected to a severe test by the postal authorities of London, and it is believed that they will be put in general use. Those who have watched the new vehicle say they are faster than any that have yet been tried. Their appearance is up to date in every way.

Imagine a wagon, not unlike the mail wagons of New York with an immense hood over the driver's seat, and back of it another case of handsomely polished wood, which is used for the supplementary mails.

The front wheels of the wagon are small enough to swing under the body of the vehicle. They work on a pivot and the wagon can be turned almost in its own length. It is the facility with which these wagons can be sent around a corner or worked through a winding lane between lines of other wagons and drays that makes the new motor cart valuable.

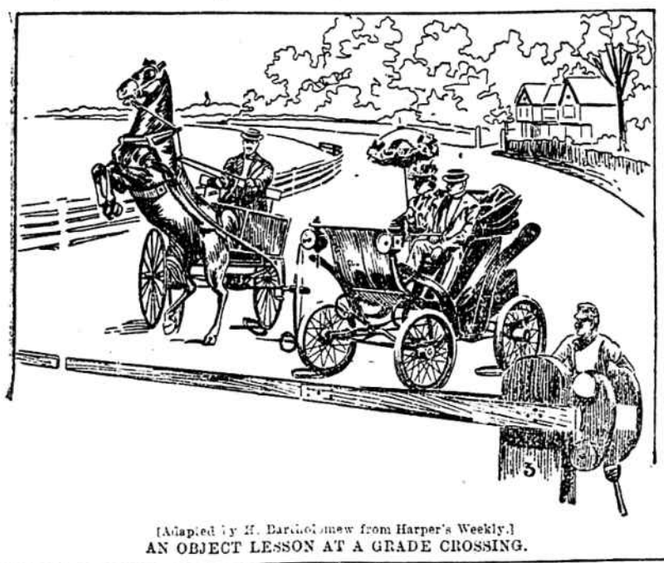
Automobilists in this country are greatly interested in the attempt of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Davis to make the run to San Francisco in a motor carriage. Their automobile resembles a road phaeton. The motor is concealed under the seat. The driver sits on the left of the seat. With his right hand he controls the direction of the vehicle. Two levers on his left regulate the speed. The automobile must be supplied with gasoline and water every few miles.



STYLES OF WAGONS IN PRACTICAL USE.

"TOURING CART" FOR THE TRANSCONTINENTAL TOUR.

(The automobile in which Mr. and Mrs. John D. Davis started for San Francisco from New York City.)



[Adapted by H. Bartholomew from Harper's Weekly.]

AN OBJECT LESSON AT A GRADE CROSSING.

Environment More Than Heredity.

Lecturing not long ago in Chicago before a literary club, a distinguished jurist declared that "the doctrine of heredity of crime is true. Statistics prove it." Hardly. Many learned students of criminology hold a different view. Weissman and many other eminent authorities maintain that "the acquired characteristics of the parent do not pass to the child by inheritance." This opinion was reaffirmed by Mr. Brace, of the Children's Aid Society, of New York, when he said: "No matter what the parents may be, if the child is taken away at an age so early that it has not understood the wickedness about it, and is placed in a country home, it is almost certain to do well." Wines, Davis, and numbers of other sociologists unite in declaring that "fully eighty-five per cent. of the crimes in cities is due to evil environment." A good way to stop the increase of crime is to remove the children, wherever possible, from the influence of vicious surroundings and example.—St. Louis Republic.

The Spacious Firmament.

The immensity of the universe is aptly illustrated by Astronomer Newcomb in a current magazine. We refer to it because it is one of the most comprehensible illustrations that we have seen. He says that if an express train running sixty miles an hour day and night without stopping kept it up for 350 years it would just about complete the diameter of the circle made by the earth in its yearly journey around the sun. Now let this immense circle be represented by a lady's finger-ring, and taking that as the standard of measurement, the nearest fixed star would be a mile distant and the furthest visible through the telescope at least twenty miles.—Paterson (N. J.) Call.

France's Most Picturesque General.

General the Marquis de Galliffet, the French Secretary of War, shot 35,000 Socialists in 1871. General de Galliffet is the picturesque figure of the Cabinet. He captures the imagination of the country. He is admitted on all sides to be the ablest and most brilliant cavalry officer in Europe. Hale and handsome at seventy his life is one long series of dare-devil adventures in wars and in love. An exploding shell tore open his abdomen in Mexico, and the French say he carried his entrails in his hat until he found a surgeon. The present coat for his stomach is a silver plate, and he firmly declares that he experiences all the violent fluctuations in the value of the metal. Senator Chauncey M. Depew says that "his conduct after he defeated the Commune in 1871 is the one incident indelibly impressed with all the horrors of the time upon my memory. He corralled a large section of the population of Paris. As these men and women were driven before him he seized the ends of the fingers of each and bent back the hand. If the palm was black they were shot, the men as participants in the fighting, the women as guilty of incendiarism with petroleum. To the appeals of the old, he answered, 'you have lived long enough,' and of the young, 'it is a mercy to save you from the dangers of living.'"

SECRETARY OF WAR GALLIFFET.

Schoolboy Won the Prize.

"Now," said a schoolmaster, as he displayed a bright five-shilling piece between the tips of his finger and thumb, "the first boy or girl that puts a riddle to me which I cannot answer will receive this as a gift."

"Any more?" he asked, as soon as silence was restored, and no one had claimed the coin.

"Yes, sir," sang out a little fellow from the farther end of the school. "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?"

"The Prince of Wales," said the master, thoughtfully. "The Prince of Wales?" he repeated to himself. "Really, Johnny, I see no resemblance in you; I'll give it up."

"Because," cried the lad joyfully, "I'm waiting for the crown."—London Tit-Bits.

SOME HINDU FABLES EXPOSED.

The Magical Mango Trick Seems Very Tame at Close Range.

In the days of Marco Polo the mango trick may have been a marvelous feat, but when I first saw the Indian juggler beginning the preparations for it, writes J. T. McCutcheon, in the Chicago Record, I was half prepared by the traveler's tales to see a graceful tree spring

WONDERFUL MANGO TRICK IN STORIES.

quickly into life and subsequently see somebody climb it and pick quanties of nice, ripe mangoes. Nothing of the kind happened, as will be seen by the following description of the mango trick as it is really performed.

The juggler, with a big bag of properties, arrives on the scene and immediately begins to talk excitedly, meanwhile unpacking various receptacles taken from the bag. He squats down, pipes a few notes on a wheezy reed whistle and the show begins. From his belongings he takes a little tin can about the size of a cove oyster can, fills it with dirt and saturates the dirt with water. Then he holds up a mango seed to show that there is nothing concealed by his sleeves; counts "ek, do, tin, char," or "one, two, three, four," and imbeds the seed in the moist earth. He spreads a large cloth over the can and several feet of circumjacent ground. Then he plays a few more notes on his reed instrument and allows the seed a few minutes in which to take root and develop into a glorious shade tree. While he is waiting he unfolds some snakes from a small basket, takes a mongoose from a bag and entertains his audience with a combat between the mongoose and one of the snakes.

"Ek, do, tin, char; one, two, sree, four—plenty fight—very good mongoose—biga snake—four rupee mongoose—two rupee snake—mongoose fight snake. Look—gentlymans—plenty big fight."

The snake, spiritless and not at all in a fighting mood, is held up by his tail, and the mongoose, whose only object in life is to get back into the snug bag, is "sicked" on the snake, and the thrilling contest begins. They don't appear to notice one another, and for awhile it looks like a draw. Finally the mongoose snaps the neck of the snake and hangs there like grim death, while the startled snake wraps around the mongoose in Laocoon folds. After a moment or two the snake unkinks and the mongoose is dragged off. The magician displays the defeated snake, which still wriggles in his death agonies. Some skeptics are cynical enough to say that the snake is afterward resuscitated for future gallant battles with the mongoose.

All this time the cloth remained peaceful and quiet, and there were no uneasy movements of its folds to indicate that the mango crop was flourishing. The juggler now turned his attention to it, however, poked his hands under the cloth, and after a few seconds of mysterious fumbling triumphantly threw off the cloth, and lo, there was a little bunch of leaves about as big as a sprig of watercress sticking up dejectedly from the damp earth. This was straightway deluged with some water and the cloth again thrown over it.

Once more there was a diversion. This time an exhibition of a shell game, in which the juggler showed considerable dexterity in placing the little ball where you didn't think it would be. Still the cloth revealed no disposition to bulge skyward, and a second time the juggler fumbled under it, talking hurriedly in Hindustani and making the occasion as interesting as possible. After much poking around he finally threw off the cloth with a glad cry, and there was a mango tree a foot high, with adult leaves which glistened with moisture. When his spectators had gazed at it for a while he pulled the little tree up by the roots, and there was a mango seed attached, with little sprouts springing out from it.

The trick was over, the juggler's harvest of rupees and annas began, and soon his crowd faded away. A few minutes later, from a half-hidden

WONDERFUL MANGO TRICK IN REALITY.

seat on the hotel veranda, I saw the wizard over across the street, beneath the big shade trees, folding up the mango tree and tucking it compactly into a small bag.

A Cooking Feat.

During the building of the Tower Bridge one of the workmen wagered to cook a big pudding ten feet under the surface of the Thames. Needless to say, so impossible a feat lead to a deal of money being laid that he couldn't. On the appointed day the pudding was tied in a sack and sunk to the required depth, the assembled crowd being greatly amused with the careful manner in which the performer handled the sack. At the end of three hours the pudding was drawn to the surface and was found to be thoroughly done, the only fault being that it was a little too well done. The sack was half full of lime.—London Tid-Bits.

MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS.

Little Dots in the Pacific That Are Hard to Find.

Much attention has been given of late to what we may call the strange case of Clipperton Island. It is not more than three miles in circumference, and it lies in the western Pacific something like 800 miles west of Mexico. In the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean it shows like a mere speck, so small as to be of no value, seemingly, save as a refuge for a few of the army of beach combers "who have burst all bounds of habit and have wandered far away" in the course of their downward progress. But the ownership of Clipperton Island has of late been claimed by no fewer than four countries—Mexico, the United States, France and Great Britain; and when it is added that the island is a favorite haunt of sea birds, and that many tons of valuable guano are waiting to be picked up, the reason for this unwonted solicitude, even in an era of land-grabbing, will be apparent.

Clipperton Island is of interest in another direction. It is one of those numerous stretches of land set in the midst of the seas, sunny and otherwise, which, after their first discovery, for many years elude all endeavors to locate them again. It has now been, as it were, nailed down in one particular spot in the ocean—that is to say, its exact position has been finally determined by warships sent out for the express purpose of searching for it and settling all doubts as to its existence—and the only thing remaining now is that the question of ownership should be settled. It happens that there is another island about 400 miles southwest of Clipperton, and rich in the same deposits that make that place worth possessing, for which adventurous miners are at this moment looking.

As late as July last a vessel named Moonlight left Altata, Mexico, on a voyage in search of this latest mysterious island, and spent fifty-two days of fruitless labor toward this end. Her captain failed to find the place, and, fearing that his provisions and water would run short, returned home to report that either the rough charts of old Captain Martin and his associates were at fault or else that some strange seismic phenomenon had caused the lost isle to disappear years ago, perhaps, for all that mortal soul knows. Spice is added to this romance by the fact that another 'Frisco captain located the place definitely a year or two before, and found a small colony there, which colony is still on the island, shipping guano in their own schooners, manned by numbers of their own party, to the leading ports of the Pacific slope of North and South America.

Quite a number of expeditions have of late been made with the object of wresting this valuable secret from the handful of men in whose posession it is, and of participating in the spoils; and one of these days we will, no doubt, hear of a sanguinary fight for the supremacy between the present colonists and a party of mauraders. Although the stories told about the unknown island vary considerably, they all agree that it exists somewhere about 400 or 500 miles southwest of Clipperton, in a low coral atoll covered with the richest phosphates. The place also has its legends of pirates' treasures, which may or may not have any foundation in fact. One of the expeditions of recent date, which have been fitted out to look for the island, was the Vine expedition. That vessel's owner claims to have secured his knowledge of the place from the old sea captain named Martin, above referred to, who died some years ago, and who left an old chart among his belongings, which told of a small island in the South Pacific, not down on the regular charts, enormously rich in guano.

Measles in the Army.

"The fear that some parents exhibit when measles is prevailing," remarked a well-known army surgeon, "is past my understanding and certainly against my experience, both in and out of the army service. In my judgment, while measles cannot be called a blessing, it is certainly better that children should go through with it while they are children. With anything like careful nursing and watching measles is a harmless disease, especially in summer time. The only thing that is necessary is that there shall be no sudden changes in the temperature of the room in which those who have it are located, and that everything that can be done shall be done to bring the eruption out. The old-fashioned treatment of measles, hot saffron tea, hot lemonade and hot flaxseed tea and all the other hot drinks, it is true, made measles rather disagreeable, the treatment being worse than the disease in many instances. All this is changed now, and cold drinks and even crushed ice have taken the place of the hot drink treatment, so that the little ones do not have such a bad time of it. While I would not go as far as some who advocate that children should be exposed to it as much as possible and actually forced to take it, I am sure it is much better that they should have it as children than grow up without having it and then running greater risks after they have grown up. In the Civil War my experience was that more men died from measles than almost any other disease.

"The same proved true during the Spanish-American war, and to-day there are more soldiers suffering from measles in the Philippines than from any other disease. Measles is a very serious thing when it prevails in a camp, for the facilities for treating it are not the best."—Washington Star.

It Sounded Horrible.

Mary Alden had lived all her fifteen years in the country, far removed from railroads, and when her father accepted a position in the machine shops of the great railroad corporation at G., and settled his family in a house overlooking the switch-yards, her life was filled with terror.

On the first occasion of her crossing the yards, a long train of cars was being disconnected and distributed. To her horror, she heard a man at one end shout to another, "Never mind that jumper! You can't wait. Cut her in two, and throw the head end down here."

Mary fainted.—Youth's Companion.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Man Behind the Bar—How a Young American Surgeon Observed His Pledge Under Extraordinary Circumstances—A Toast Drunk in Water.

You have heard of "The man behind the Gun,"
And "The man behind the plow."
One gets his work from the Captain's bridge—
The other is working now.

But one who works both night and day
Man's happiness to mar—
The deadliest foe our land can know,
Is "The man behind the Bar."
—Ram's Horn.

"Dare to Be a Daniel."

The son of a president of one of our oldest and most prominent Eastern colleges was about leaving his native town for Paris to enter upon a special course in surgery. He had just attained his majority, and the simplicity and freshness of his boyhood still lay upon his soul. Many of his comrades had gathered at the depot to wish him bon voyage, among whom was his sweetheart. The last good-bys had been uttered when, obeying an impulse, she sprang to his side upon the platform and, bidding him hold his ear to her lip, whispered: "Charley, dare to be a Daniel!"

"Only that old saw," said he, while a look of disappointment shadowed his face.

"That only, Charley, but it may mean much to you," was her answer.

The bearer of a letter of introduction to a distinguished nobleman and scientist in Paris, the young American was soon received with marked kindliness.

In a few days he was the recipient of an invitation to a small banquet at the count's residence, at which were present some of the savants of the great city. Unaccustomed to the table etiquette of the cultured Parisians, and "the cynosure of all eyes" when seated at the right hand of his host, Charles was mentally disturbed. He soon noticed that before each plate were grouped four wine glasses, the colors of which were, respectively, ruby, purple, pale amber, and white. In various decanters were wines of a corresponding hue, of which each guest indicated to the waiters his or her choice by simply touching a glass. The white ones, alone, and those before Charles were left undisturbed.

During the progress of the feast the host, filling his ruby-tinted glass (an example which his guests followed), proposed a toast, "To the wives, daughters and sweethearts of America," to which he invited a response from his youthful guest, motioning a servant meanwhile to fill his glass with the red wine.

What followed can best be told in the young man's own words: "Mother!" (he wrote) "for a moment I was in an agony of trepidation. I would rather have faced a cannon. All had risen, and in the hand of each was the cup of wine, which I had been pledged from my childhood not 'to touch, taste, nor handle.' My head swam. Suddenly I heard the words, 'Dare to be a Daniel!' They shot through my brain like an electric flash. Instantly my resolution was taken. Touching my white glass, a servant filled it with water. Rising, I said as well as I could for the great lump in my throat:

"'I beg leave to say that to the typical wife, daughter and sweetheart of America the purity of this, nature's own beverage, illustrates the lives they aim to lead and the dangers which they seek to avoid. Permit me to use it in their dear name.'

"Following the example of Count B——, every white glass was instantly raised and the toast drunk."—New York Voice.

Your Girl or the Saloon Keeper's Girl—Which?

"Papa, will you please give me fifty cents for my vacation hat? 'Most all the academy girls have theirs."

"No, May; I can't spare the money."

The request was persuasively made by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was preparing for school one fine morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and, being hail fellow well met, he invited him into Mac's for a drink.

As usual, there were others there, and the man that could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat treated the crowd. When about to leave he laid a half-dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drinks. Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and, going behind the bar, said: "Papa, I want fifty cents for my hat." "All right," said the dealer, and taking the half-dollar from the counter he handed it to the girl, who departed smiling.

May's father seemed dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself: "I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop."

This is a specimen of the wholesale robbery of the home which the saloon is practicing everywhere. And there are thousands of men whom such an object lesson as this man saw that day would not influence to give up the habit of drink. And it is not only hats, but winter clothes, shawls, shoes and stockings, and daily bread, and fire to warm the family hearth that the saloon is stealing from three million families in this land.

Wages and Whisky.

The young man who thinks he can afford to take two or three glasses of beer or whisky each day and never miss the sum he spends would do well to reckon up how much these drinks would amount to in the course of a year.

Some years ago three young men in Columbus, Ohio, carpenters by trade, engaged to work for a builder, promising to stay with him until a certain piece of work was completed. They were to receive the same wages, and were to draw them as they chose. The work lasted from spring until Christmas. On the final settlement, one of the young men, who frequented the tavern, and was a pretty hard drinker, found a balance to his credit of $2.50. The second, who was a somewhat more moderate drinker, had $11; the third, who was a teetotaler, had $150. The first and second wore very seedy clothes, and were in debt. Surely total abstinence pays!

The Crusade in Brief.

If the liquor traffic is not wrong, then nothing is wrong.

American women selling American drinks at an American bar in a charity bazar is one of the sights London has recently been treated to.

In last month's plebiscite on the semiach, or local option, in the Norwegian capital, Christiania, women cast two-thirds of the votes against the sale of drink.

Carroll D. Wright says: "Ten thousand people starve to death each year in Greater New York, while nearly $400,000 a day passes over the saloon bars of that city for liquor."

It is contended that eight-tenths of the drunkards of to-day began to drink when they were young.

If we church members worked as hard for God as the saloon keepers do for Satan more results might be seen.

One of the protests addressed to President McKinley against the Griggs nullification of the anti-canteen law comes from the missionaries of the American Board in Turkey.

The Temperance Cause is responsible for the statement that "the crew of the new Columbia are from Deer Island, Me., a home of prohibition which is never impeached by the press, and every man is a total abstainer."

"Never enter a barroom, nor let the contents of a barroom enter you," is one of the rules for young men, laid down by one of America's most successful men.

In England, after a fourth conviction for drunkenness, the inebriate is to be treated as a habitual drunkard and confined in a reformatory at the expense of himself or his friends, if they are able to pay, or at the cost of the State, if necessary.

How long will the American people be deluded by the "revenue" phase of the liquor business? Gladstone's answer to this sophistry should be the answer to every man of the nation. He said: "Give me a sober nation and I will take care of the revenue." Intemperance to-day in Germany is giving the German Government the very gravest concern

CUP CHALLENGER WINS.

Shamrock Easily Defeats the Britannia in a Forty-Mile Course.

THE YACHT'S OWNER IS PLEASED.

The Challenger Was Sixteen Minutes and Twenty-Five Seconds Ahead at the Finish—Shamrock's Sailing Powers Were Not Exerted to the Utmost—Her Chances to Win the Cup.

SOUTHAMPTON (By Cable).—The first trial race between Shamrock and Britannia resulted in a victory for the cup challenger, which won easily, beating Britannia by sixteen minutes and twenty-five seconds. Both yachts were handled with admirable skill. The course sailed was about forty miles. The Prince of Wales was aboard Britannia.

There was much excitement on the Solent over the race. From early morning crowds watched the preparations on board both yachts, while the whole fleet from Southampton, Cowes and other points made for Ryde. The scene at Ryde Pier was most animated. Long before the start crowds of fashionable visitors had arrived.

As the starting gun boomed Britannia immediately crossed the line, Shamrock following in a way to give the impression that she had no objection to giving Britannia a slight lead. The latter, however, did not long maintain the advantage.

It was a dead heat to windward, and little distance was covered before Shamrock, which started on the short leg to port, overhauled her, and on the following long leg to starboard Shamrock forged ahead rapidly. It was at once noticed that she was sailing nearly half a point nearer the wind than Britannia. Shamrock was carrying her mainsail jib-headed, topsail, jib and foresail. Britannia carried the same canvas, but, in addition, her clubtopsail. Shamrock was half a mile ahead passing Warner.

Hogarth was at the helm of the cup challenger. The boat held up admirably, and there was not a drop of water adeck. She proved extremely quick in putting about, only taking ten and one-half seconds.

On rounding the Nab Lightship both yachts set their spinnakers for the run back.

The only mishap of the day was that when Shamrock's sail began to fill the top caught in the crosstrees. The huge canvas flopped flat, and then suddenly burst, like a balloon, and a big rent became visible in the upper part, where a long strip had been torn out, leaving a hole big enough for a man to crawl through.

Shamrock's speed naturally suffered somewhat from this accident.

Both boats soon set their topsails, and later their balloon foresails. The yachts jibed to port near Ryde. They were then traveling at such a rate that the press boat, going at a speed of eleven knots, was unable to keep the pace with Shamrock, though the wind lightened considerably after leaving the Nab Lightship.

Britannia appeared to be holding her own for a short spell before she reached Ryde, but Shamrock again crept slowly ahead widening the gap.

The scene at this time was an inspiriting one. Both yachts, under a cloud of canvas, were gliding on even keels.

As the Shamrock rounded Old Castle Point and came into full view of the crowds on the Cowes esplanade, she had all sails full set, showing an immense stretch of canvas and affording a splendid sight, which drew hearty cheers from the assembled spectators.

The wind freshened after passing Cowes, and both boats took in their spinnakers and started on the broad reach to the Solent buoy. After jibing around they reached back, finishing with a short tack to make the home mark.

The corrected times at the finish were: Shamrock, 3.43.50; Britannia, 4.00.15. The times passing the buoy on the Solent bank were: Shamrock, 3.15.45; Britannia, 3.25.04.

Both yachts were admirably handled, but the Shamrock had a clear advantage throughout.

The result is considered most satisfactory to Sir Thomas Lipton and others who are anxious to see the America's Cup return to this country. Mr. Fife and Mr. Jameson were on board Shamrock, but Sir Thomas Lipton followed on board the Erin, which, with a few yachts and one solitary but crowded excursion steamer, escorted the racers around the course.

On the actual difference in the times of Shamrock and Britannia at the finish of the race, it does not appear that Shamrock has a great chance of winning the America's Cup. These signs, however, may be deceptive.

It was the opinion of those who closely watched the race from the steamer following the yachts that Shamrock was never pushed to her utmost in the trial, and that Mr. Fife, the designer of the yacht, who practically engineered the contest on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, merely desired to ascertain whether Shamrock could show Britannia a clean pair of heels. He had no desire, however, to let every one into the secret of the actual merits or best speed of the challenger.

SHAMROCK IS FORMIDABLE.

The Race Shows Her to Be a Great Windward Boat.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—The Shamrock's race against the Britannia is instructive because the latter cutter was thoroughly tested against the Vigilant, whose ability is well known here on account of her meetings with the Defender. In her races with the Prince of Wales's yacht the Vigilant lost ten out of fourteen races, her victories being generally in light winds with eased or free sheets. It was generally admitted that in British waters and with British conditions the Britannia was the better boat by from three to five minutes.

In the nine races between the Vigilant and the Defender next year for the honor of defending the America's Cup against the Valkyrie the Defender won all that were finished—five—and showed an average superiority of about six minutes on a thirty-mile course.

Assuming that the Columbia is five minutes better than the Defender, which is a fair estimate, taking account of the effect of improvements in the new boat during the season, it will be seen that the result of the trial race makes the Shamrock a decidedly formidable competitor for the cup. The most important fact shown by the race was that the Shamrock is a great windward boat, a very dangerous quality.

When Dreyfus Will Be Tried.

The Dreyfus court martial at Rennes, France, will not begin its sittings until August 10.

Camarines Want an American Alliance.

The natives of the Provinces of Albay, South Camarines and North Camarines, in the Philippines, are endeavoring to throw off the domination of the Tagals. They are willing to declare allegiance to the United States when troops are sent to protect them.

Fighting Strength of the Transvaal.

The Boers are engaged in making dynamite mortars at Johannesburg. The fighting strength of the Transvaal, including that of the Orange Free State, is estimated at about 37,000 men. The Outlanders are estimated at 80,000 men.

A Conspiracy in Cuba.

The truth regarding the recent proclamation issued in Matanzas, Cuba, shows that a regular revolutionary party has been established, with headquarters in Havana, its object being to incite Cubans through the entire country. All this is well known to the authorities, and no manifesto comes off the press without the Government receiving a copy of it.

Detroit Municipal Ownership Defeated.

Municipal ownership of street railways in Detroit, Mich., was practically defeated when the Aldermen tabled all ordinances under which the city would be authorized to purchase and hold the roads.